

## Morning Telegram.

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THE Princeton Review has died at the age of more than three score years.

THE price of gas has been reduced to \$1 net in Louisville. There is always strong competition in the gas business when Henri Waterson is at home.

ONE of the delights which every one may anticipate for the holidays is relief from being bored by Congress. The time spent by Congress in its vacations is generally the most profitable to the country.

IF the Republicans of Dakota had been shrewd they would have voted the Democratic ticket just once or twice. Then they would have come into the Union with a whizz. It would have been easy to regulate home matters afterward.

A Boston paper very properly laments the decline of popularity of the good old terms "man" and "woman." Now it is a "sales-lady" and a "single gentleman," instead of the plain Bible words "woman" and "man."

IT is not surprising that the severe blow which the Reichstag dealt to Bismarck should have in a measure crushed him. The poor old man is apparently in his dotage and, like the Emperor, he cannot be expected to survive much longer. The day of his vigor is gone.

THE New York Sun says "there is one man in the United States who is fitter than all others to be Secretary of the Interior. His name is William Steele Holman." The Sun has the credit already of knocking Holman down by its kindness to him; why should it kick him after he is down?

THE Georgia State Senate, when the members struck up and sang the "Sweet Bye and Bye" the other day, set an example that might well be followed frequently in the House of Representatives at Washington. If instead of trying to destroy our tariff at the last session Mr. Morrison had struck up the "Sweet Bye and Bye," "What Shall the Harvest Be?" or some other familiar selection in which the brethren could have joined, he would at least have saved the country considerable annoyance.

REPRESENTATIVE Cox, of New York, admitted the other day that his bill appropriating \$100,000 for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue was of questionable constitutionality and frankly avowed on the floor of the House that he introduced it simply for the purpose of stirring up the people of New York. This admission is more creditable to Mr. Cox's candor than to his good statesmanship. Possibly his action may have the effect of bringing the millionaires of New York to a realizing sense of their duty, but it is scarcely creditable to a man of Mr. Cox's ability and experience. If his theory is good there is no reason why it should not be applied to every questionable or impracticable scheme which comes before Congress to demand its part of the surplus.

UNCLE Rufus Hatch, who has been out West, attending the National Convention of "Cowboys," finds reason to believe that the cry of hard times is due to the overproduction of machinery, and he echoes Horace Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West." "There," he says, "are 1,000 miles square of fertile farming lands that have scarcely been scratched yet. It costs \$6 to plant and harvest an acre of wheat, whether the yield is small or great. If the farmer gets twelve bushels of wheat to the acre, and commands fifty cents a bushel for it, he gets his money back. If he raises twenty-four bushels to the acre, he doubles his money. Most of the Western wheat-fields have averaged above twenty bushels to the acre this year." He adds: "If you can name any other business as safe, which gives a larger return on the capital invested, I shall be glad to hear of it." Uncle Rufus. It will be seen is a very enthusiastic old granger.

THE Nicaragua treaty which is now before the Senate will probably come up for discussion in a few days, and as the matters proposed in the treaty involve principles heretofore somewhat beyond the policy of our government the discussion will be watched with much interest by all parties. The treaty in question provides that the United States shall, without notice or discussion set aside the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and acquire and take possession of a strip of territory six miles wide across the Isthmus of Panama, through which a canal is to be built at a cost of from one hundred million to one hundred and fifty million dollars. It is also provided that the United States shall undertake to protect and fortify this canal throughout its length and at both ends. As this is the first time in our

history that we have undertaken to permanently occupy and defend foreign territory the gravity of the enterprise is apparent, and the whole subject should be carefully considered in all its bearings.

### A PRIVILEGED CLASS.

The question whether a reporter can properly be compelled to divulge the source of information received by him under a pledge of secrecy has just been decided in Boston. Two reporters, Frost and Saunders, of the Boston Globe, obtained information of an important confession of murder made by one Bostonian to another in New Mexico, though the crime was committed in Boston. Judge Blodgett held that the pledge privileged the witnesses from testifying before the Grand Jury. In discussing this matter, the Chicago Inter Ocean says:

In Paris, and in Boston, the question is simultaneously brought before the courts whether reporters of newspapers can be legally compelled to divulge as witnesses in courts the sources of the information which they obtain for publication under a pledge of secrecy as to such sources. In Paris the question arises in the Criminal Court in consequence of the finding by the magistrate, M. Benoist, of the entire body of reporters of the Paris journals who refused to state whence they obtained accounts of secret socialist meetings which the police authorities were chagrined at finding that the reporters could ferret out better than the police. The Paris reporters pleaded that information given to them for publication under pledge of secrecy as to its source was privileged. Though not mentioned in any constitution or statute, they likened it to the case of a confession made to a priest, which is expressly privileged by the constitution. Appeal has been taken from M. Benoist to the Appellate Court.

There is abundant reason why the reporter should be privileged as well as the priest, or the physician. He owes a duty to the public which sometimes necessitates a pledge of secrecy as to the source of his information. The fact that he cannot be compelled to reveal the source of his knowledge may often be a material aid to him in the performance of his duty, and the courts should protect him.

### CURRENT COMMENTS.

Detroit Times: Mr. Yapple is brilliant but cranky.

Philadelphia Times: Conkling's key doesn't fit the room where his old Senatorial shoes are kept.

Philadelphia Record: Have our eyes deceived us? or is there the shadow of a shade passing athwart the effulgence of the Randall boom?

Lowell Journal: President Arthur will retire from the Presidential chair with more of the popular heart going out toward him than ever before. He has given the country a good administration without the aid of a brass band.

Toledo Commercial-Telegram: In most places there are a few Democrats who do not intend to apply for office under Cleveland; but in Columbus they take in all that part of the city directory which lies outside the asylums and penitentiaries.

Fall River (Mass.) News: Party political reasons are likely, therefore, to keep Dakota under territorial rule for a few years to come, but when she does obtain State rights, as she must before many years, she will doubtless remember those who so bitterly oppose her just rights today.

### NEARED IN A STREET CAR.

Three-Year-Old Tot, the Boss Girl of the Fulton Avenue Line.

[M. Y. Truth.]

A little girl lay curled up in the rear corner of a Fulton avenue car, fast asleep. She had on a pink apron, with a white dress underneath, that came almost down to her shoes, all stubbed out at the toes. One of her fat hands lay loosely beside her, while the other wandered dreamily toward a fly that was walking up and down her nose.

The conductor turned down the lamp above the baby's head, and shooed away the fly. When anybody looked admiringly at the baby he looked as proud as though he were in her place, and when a colored woman got in and put a very black baby, also asleep, in the other corner, the conductor went in and told her all about the white baby.

"That's my girl," said he, "and she won't be three years old for over a month."

The colored woman looked surprised, as though she thought the baby must be at least eighteen years old.

"Yes," the conductor went on, "that's my girl, and she's the boss girl of the Fulton line. That's what all the boys call her, and she deserves it. Gentleman," turning to the solitary young man in the car. "I don't want to be egotistical, but if any one thinks he can show a girl of the same age that can talk more and cry less, or that weighs any more than that girl, I've got money to bet with him. She's traveled on this road ever since she was weaned, and many's the hour she's lain there with her bottle empty beside, and not cried once, when there were maybe, five other babies yelling at the top of their lungs. You see, her mother's busy during the day, and I can just as well keep her with me as not. She stays up home during the rush and the rest of the time she's here with me. I and the rest of the boys have taught her pretty much all she knows, and she knows a lot. There ain't hardly a horse on the line but she can call by name, and if she had the strength to hold the reins she'd drive better than half the men. Her name's Mary. We call her Tot, and she calls herself May Blossom. When some one tells me to let 'em off at some street clear down at the other end of the line, I just say: 'Tot, you remember such a street for me,' and she'll repeat it to herself half aloud, until we get there, and never forgets it. No, she wasn't born here; she was born down East. You hardly ever see such girls around these parts."

Then the two babies woke up. They were introduced to each other, and got on together well, until the black baby got off at the end of the line. Then Tot went to sleep again, and started down on her last trip, with her father stout in the doorway and her mother's face in the rear.

### LIVING LIKE A PRINCE.

But Without So Much As a Dollar to Bless Himself With.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Curious stories are often told about men of no fortune who live like millionaires. Occasionally instances like that of "Lord Abercrombie," who lived like a Vanderbilt for a few months, crop up. But it is seldom that a man turns up who can live like a Russian Prince, drive blooded horses, give elaborate dinners and move among a fast set of men without having any money of his own. There is such a man, or rather boy, in New York at the present time. He has been going at a terrific rate for two years. I shall call him Smith, because it is not his name. He is an ideal dude. His figure is slim almost to emaciation, his chest narrow, his arms and legs long and his face absolutely colorless. More than this, it is an effeminate face, with small features, weak eyes and an irresolute mouth. It is familiar to half the people in New York. At every event of importance this pale and languid little dude is on hand. He has an extraordinary assortment of clothes, wears numberless rings, and is usually accompanied by a valet. He comes of very respectable people. I know his mother and several of his relatives. They will have nothing to do with him and his name is never mentioned at home. About two years ago he got into a scrape up-town for which he needed ready money at once. He begged his people to give him \$1,000 and they refused point blank. Then he gathered all of his mother's diamonds, pledged them for about \$8,000 and took a steamer for Paris. When he arrived there he walked into a commission house, asked the head of the firm for a pointer and languidly tossed him a check for \$7,000 for investment. One turn on the Bourse landed him nearly \$20,000 ahead. He made a few more successful speculations, drew the whole amount of his gains, which had then reached about \$30,000, and prepared to "see" Paris. He was then twenty years old. Of course no one knew that, when he speculated in \$1,000 lots, he was risking his whole fortune at every turn of the market. He was so placid and serene during his operations that they gave him credit for having a big fortune in reserve. Mr. Smith made things howl in Paris. He lived there four months, spent every penny he had, and returned to America with half a dozen trunks filled with clothes, no end of jewelry, leaving the tradesmen of Paris doleful and forlorn. He owed money right and left in the French capital, but he never allowed it to worry him. When he arrived in New York he had another interview with his family, but he was so thoroughly unmanageable that he was again tossed out of the house, which he has never since entered. A little crowd of sycophants hung around him for a time, but they have nearly all deserted him now, and he has but one companion—a man who is said to be an adventurer and whom nobody knows. The male dude goes everywhere, as I said before. He may be seen driving on the avenue in the afternoon in a trap that is strictly correct in every detail, and he attends the theater and the opera steadily. He is cut right and left, owes everybody money, and is frequently abused in public by his dupes. But the expression of his face never changes, and he is apparently as happy as he was in Paris when at the height of his fortune. He is known about town by the name of "Jibletts." I don't know where the nick-

name came from.



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